On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Barfly Around the Flag, Boys!" etc.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE BMOC

Last week we passed along some fashion hints for coeds. Today we will do the same for college men.

The most important thing to remember, gentlemen, is to dress with verve, with dash, with inventiveness. Don't be imprisoned by the traditional conservatism of men's clothing. Brighten up your appearance with a single earring, or a cavalry saber, or a gold derby.

Guard Against Gaudiness

However, guard against gaudiness. If, for instance, you are wearing a gold derby, do not also wear a cavalry saber. This is too much. Wear a dagger instead, or, for formal occasions, a bowie knife.

Let us turn now to a persistent rumor that a garment called the "suit" is on the verge of making a comeback. Some of you older students may remember this "suit." It was an ensemble consisting of a jacket and trousers, both of which—this'll kill you—both of which were made out of the *same material!*

The last "suit" ever seen on an American campus was in 1941—and I ought to know because I was wearing it. I was an undergraduate then, and in love—hopelessly in love with a beauteous statistics major named Harry Sigafoos. (She is one of the two girls I have ever known named Harry. The other one is her sister.)

I loved Harry madly, though her expensive tastes were the ruin of me. Bit by bit I sold off my belongings to pursue this costly courtship—first my books, then my clothes, until finally I was left with nothing to wear but a "suit". One night I came calling for her in this garment and she, of course, slashed me across the face with a riding crop and sent me from her door.

I slunk home and lit a Marlboro and sat down to think. I always light a Marlboro when I sit down to think, for their good mild flavor is a great aid to cerebration. I always light a Marlboro when I *don't* sit down to think, too, because Marlboro is my favorite cigarette, and I know it will be yours, too, once you make the acquaintance of that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box. As the man says, you get a lot to like with a Marlboro.

Well, sirs, smoking and thinking thus, my eye happened to fall on an ad in a campus newspaper which said: "WIN A COMPLETE WARDROBE! Touhy's Toggery, the campus's leading men's store, announces a contest to pick the best-dressed man on campus. The winner will receive absolutely free a complete new wardrobe!"

Struck by a sudden inspiration, I took pen in hand and wrote a letter to Mr. Touhy of Touhy's Toggery:

"Sir—I see by the paper that you are giving a complete new wardrobe to the best-dressed man on campus. What a ridiculous idea!

"Obviously, to be the best-dressed man on campus, you must first have a lot of clothes, and if you have a lot of clothes, what do you need with another wardrobe?

"Touhy's Toggery should give a new wardrobe to the *worst*-dressed man on campus. Me, for instance. I am an eyesore. There isn't a crow in town that will come near me. Three times this month the Salvation Army salvage truck has picked me up. *Esquire* has canceled my subscription.

"I submit that a vote for me is a vote for reason, a vote for equity, a vote for the American way!"

With a flourish I signed the letter and sent it off, somehow feeling certain that very soon I would be wearing a complete new wardrobe.

And I was right—because two weeks later I was drafted.

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